

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

If it be so, as so tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,  
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely  
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,  
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

*Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
Of his affection, to me.

*Pol.* Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,  
Vnlisted in such perrilous circumstance,  
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?

*Ophe.* I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

*Pol.* Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,  
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearely  
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrased)  
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

*Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue  
In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

*Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech  
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

*Pol.* I, springs to catch wood-cocks, I doe know  
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule  
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter  
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both  
Euen in their promise, as it is a making  
You must not tak't for fire: from this time  
Be some-thing scanted of your maiden presence  
Set your intreatments at a higher rate  
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,  
Belieue so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger tender may he walke  
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,  
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers  
Not of that die which their inuestments show  
But meere implorators of vnholly suites,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds  
The better to beguile: this is for all,  
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Have

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Haue you so 'slander any moments leasure  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,  
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

*Ophe.* I shall obey my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

*Hora.* It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hora.* I thinke it lackes of twelue.

*Mar.* No, it is strooke

*Hora.* Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A Flourish of trum-*  
What does this meane my Lord? *pets and 2. peeces goes off.*

*Ham.* The King doth walke to night and takes his towse.

Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:

And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,

The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

*Hora.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry ist,

But to my mind, though I am native heere

And to the manner borne, it is a custome

More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.

This heauy-headed reuelle East and West

Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of other Nations,

They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phrase

Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes

From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height

The pith and marow of our attribute,

So oft it chanches in particuler men,

That for some vitious mole of nature in them

As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,

(Sinc nature cannot choose his origen)

By their ore-grow'th of some complexion

Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reason,

Or by some habite that too much ore-leauens

The forme of plausiue manners, that these men

Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

D.

Being